

# Swordfish Fight

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Summary: Snotlout and Hiccup kid-fic. Snotlout is returning from a voyage with his dad and he and Hiccup get into a very... unique fight. Rated Kplus to be safe. First story, so please be nice!

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\* A/N Hey guys this is my first fanfic and I have to give my sister TechnoGirl317 a lot of credit. Without her I wouldn't be doing this because she came up with the idea and I just came up with an alteration. She also encouraged me to even join fanfic and write a story. So anyway, I really hope you enjoy because it really makes me feel HAPPY inside! Especially if you review! But yeah I'll try to put up some more if people like this. Also some names and other stuff might be from the books, since it can be difficult to find some of the names and my sister's read the first two books.\*\*

\*\* Italics= thoughts.\*\*

\*\*Ages:\*\*

\*\*Snotlout: 8 years old.\*\*

\*\*Hiccup: 7 years old.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD or the characters.\*\*

\*\*Hiccup's POV.\*\*

I heard my dad calling me and telling me to get dressed and come downstairs. Turned out, my cousin Snotlout, who had gone away with his dad when I was five, was coming home, and dad wanted me to see him. You know, cousin and all.

I inwardly groaned. I didn't remember much about my cousin, but what

I did remember wasn't exactly pleasant. He was very boastful because he was a typical Viking child; big, strong, tough, hardheaded and not that bright, so we didn't really get along.

Maybe the voyage with his dad changed him.

Or maybe it made him worse.

\_Yep, definitely worse, \_I thought as I was crushed under the weight of my bulky cousin.

"Say it!" Snotlout cried.

"Never!"

"Say it!"

\_Ohhhhhh suffering scallops. \_"No!"

"Fine! If you won't say it, I'll make you!"

With that, he jumped off me and grabbed the nearest wall ornament; a swordfish. He started to swing it at me; lunges, thrusts, the Grimbeard's Defense, and many other moves I had only read about.

\_Great, his dad \_had \_to teach him swordfighting, \_I thought as I dodged his attacks. \_Dad, HELP!\_

I glanced around desperately and grabbed the nearest wall ornament, which just happened to be another swordfish, and tried my best to fight back.

And... for once, my best was pretty good.

My sword- er, swordfish- was a blur. I advanced on him, twirling and swinging my makeshift sword. I don't even know why... I think I was trying to intimidate him.

Snotlout looked stunned, but he was quick to get over it, and his stunned look turned into a scowl as he started to come towards me.

We met in the middle. Lunging, ducking, stabbing, blocking- it all came naturally, and soon, Snotlout was against the wall with his swordfish flung across the room and with the "blade" of mine against his throat.

Just then, our dads walked in. My dad, Stoic the Vast, chief of the tribe, was ahead of Snotlout's, Baggybum the Beerbelly. In contrast to uncle Baggybum, he didn't look very happy.

But the sight of me, skinny little Hiccup holding a swordfish up to the throat of Snotlout, wiped any emotion of their face and replaced it with shock.

Then, uncle Baggybum started laughing.

"Great job, son! Teaching little Hiccup here how to swordfight, eh?" He bellowed, walking over to Snotlout and clapping him on the

shoulder.

I backed off and Snotlout dusted himself off.

"Actually, I-"

"Yes dad. I'd say I did pretty well. Or, as well as I can with Hiccup the Useless here." Snotlout interrupted.

I rolled my eyes. "Actually, I-"

I was interrupted again, this time by uncle Baggybum's laughter.  
"Probably, son."

I could see my dad's fists clenching and took the distractions as a chance to slip out the door.

I glanced down at my hand as I walked around the village.

Maybe I wasn't completely useless after all.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\* A/N Hey guys I am so sorry it took me so long to get this done but I have been working on unpacking because I just moved! Well enjoy the story. This is the first part of it and I will update and add more if I get at least 5 favorites and 5 reviews. \*\*

\*\*Hiccup's POV, 8 years later:\*\*

Fishlegs and I were walking along the sidewalk when we saw Snotlout and a few of his friends talking in a crowd. As we passed Snotlout stuck his foot out and tripped me. So Snotlout challenged me into him to a duel in front of everyone, but I guess he forgot how good I was with a sword; probably convinced himself that he taught me. The duel was scheduled for that afternoon and nearly everyone was coming; everyone from the rest of our little "gang" all the way down to Mildew. My dad as well as Snotlout's was going to watch and my dad looked a little sick. It took forever for me to convince Toothless to stay away from the arena gate, but I somehow managed it; though I couldn't get him to stop growling at Snotlout and Hookfang.

Later that day in the arena they explained the rules. Basically fight fair, no killing or seriously maiming; otherwise there were very little restrictions, and by the evil gleam in Snotlout's eye, I knew he was planning on breaking one or all of the rules. We both got to choose a sword and a shield and since I was challenged I picked first. I grabbed a sword and shield almost at random and looked down, half expecting to facepalm at my choice. But they weren't too bad. A purposefully jagged sword and a large, light (as light as shields go) shield which left the longer stone sword and a bigger, heavier shield which Snotlout had to use. My heart was racing and when the duel started my instincts kicked in almost immediately. After a few sloppy parries Snotlout grinned maliciously at me, and next thing I knew I was whipping my sword to block his, doing perfect overhand stabs and ducking his strikes. It didn't take long to disarm him and his heavy shield was doing next to nothing for him. I had him pinned to the wall weaponless; he was scared and mad. It was over. I had won. Everyone excluding Snotlout and his dad were cheering, but I heard

Snotlout over the crowd, "I will get my revenge Hiccup. For this humiliation I swear I'll get my revenge."

That night I had woke up from someone touching me and I saw Snotlout's face. He shoved me into a bag, heaved it over his shoulder, and left. After a long trip he dumped me out onto the floor of an old building. My heart pounding, I got up a little too late. Before I could get up he tied my hands behind my back and shoved me down. The next morning he left me alone and he finally came back at 12:00 and gave me less than a bite of stale bread. That night I could barely fall asleep because I was starving.

I woke up to Snotlout whipping me with the knotted piece of rope he showed me the day before. He yelled at me to wake up and clean the floor with a wollen rag and some warm water and then he would give me another bite of stale bread. So I wiped the floors like I was suppose to and got another bite of stale bread. Then he left again and yet again came back at 12:00 but this time he brought a wooden sword. Snotlout approached me and hit me as hard as he can in the face. I put my hand over my eye and felt thick liquid coming out and when I brought my hand back down and it was blood red.

End  
file.